

“At the Edge of Emil’s World...”

Denang



Emil

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Emil

ARE YOU ALL HERE???

Thank Goodness...with all the craziness going on and the frightful sights and video coming out of the plague's hot zones...

(Can I say this? Our legal teams is debating this at this very moment)

Anyway, Emil has debarked from his winter home in Yangon with whatever this is (virus/plague/bio) still tugging on his shoulder, nipping at his heels but only after taking a big bite out of his butt.

Seems that Emil might have, could have been a mere statistic in the global drama as there were NO test kits and people were openingly being told to go home as there was no room in the inn (hospitals) and that they should pray for recovery – suggesting that they were leaving it up to God to pick or choose... Luckily for Emil, it might be true that only the good die young...Billy Joel seems to have gotten it right after all? With borders closed and panic spreading he couldn't get back to Singapore...So he went to one of the few places that was willing to accept him: Penang.



SEINE



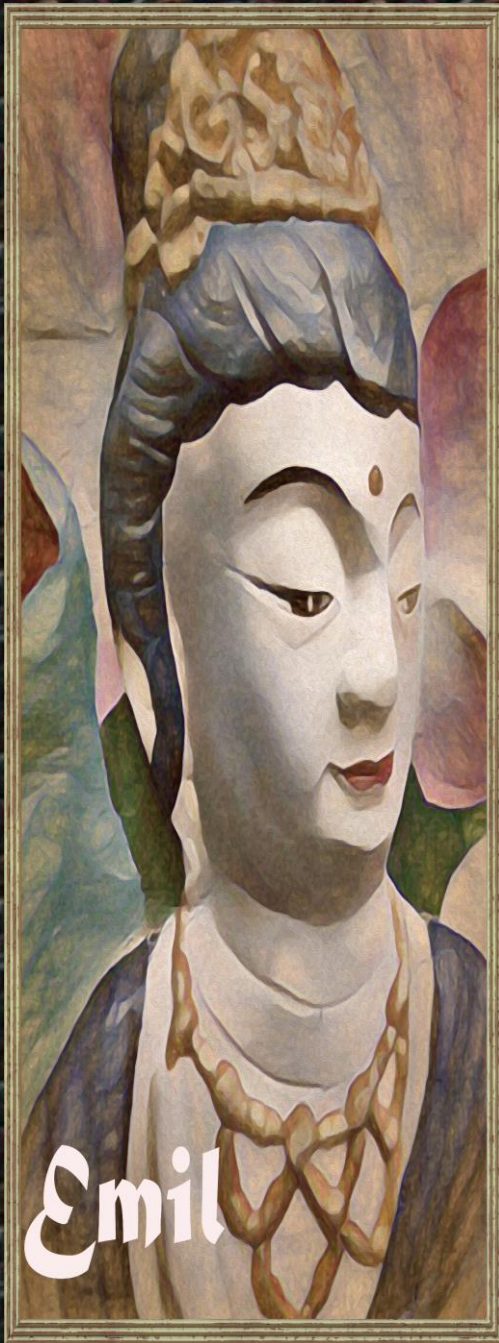
Emil

Lunching with Gandhi



Emil

A SEAT OF MY OWN...



After a while and I am sure a couple of angry tourists ratted me out for hogging the only bench, an old monk came over and asked if he could sit for a while.

"Well?" Of course, what am I gonna say...this is his house, he has a home court advantage and I once vowed to never get into a street fight with a monk. I remember those bad ass monks in Viet Nam...no Coco-Cola Buddhism there. I remember them setting themselves on fire over some political or social issue. You always passed one with real caution, especially if they smelled of petro or kerosene and NEVER, make direct eye contact.

Anyone who feels this deeply about things is not a reasonable person and you are gonna come out on the short end of that stick.

I mean, I am not shy about street fighting and you might say that I was raised in that tradition as a teenager... hanging with all of the other degenerate, delinquents and motorcycle hoodlums...I have spending more than a few nights sleeping on a



Emil

A SEAT OF MY OWN...

on a worn pool table in the back of the old 7th Street and Indian School Road, 24-Hour, Pool Hall... and Hotel for fifty-cents...

In prepping for a street fight, the first thing I learned was to remove all bling, watches and rings, put them and your wallet into the front pockets of your chinos (jeans – used the cool term from my generation in an effort to impress you with my cool).

I invited the old monk to sit down and offered him some of my warming, bottle of water. He declined and sit quietly, long enough to make the situation awkward and I spoke, in part to break the ice and part panic even though he didn't even hint of the smell of kerosene.

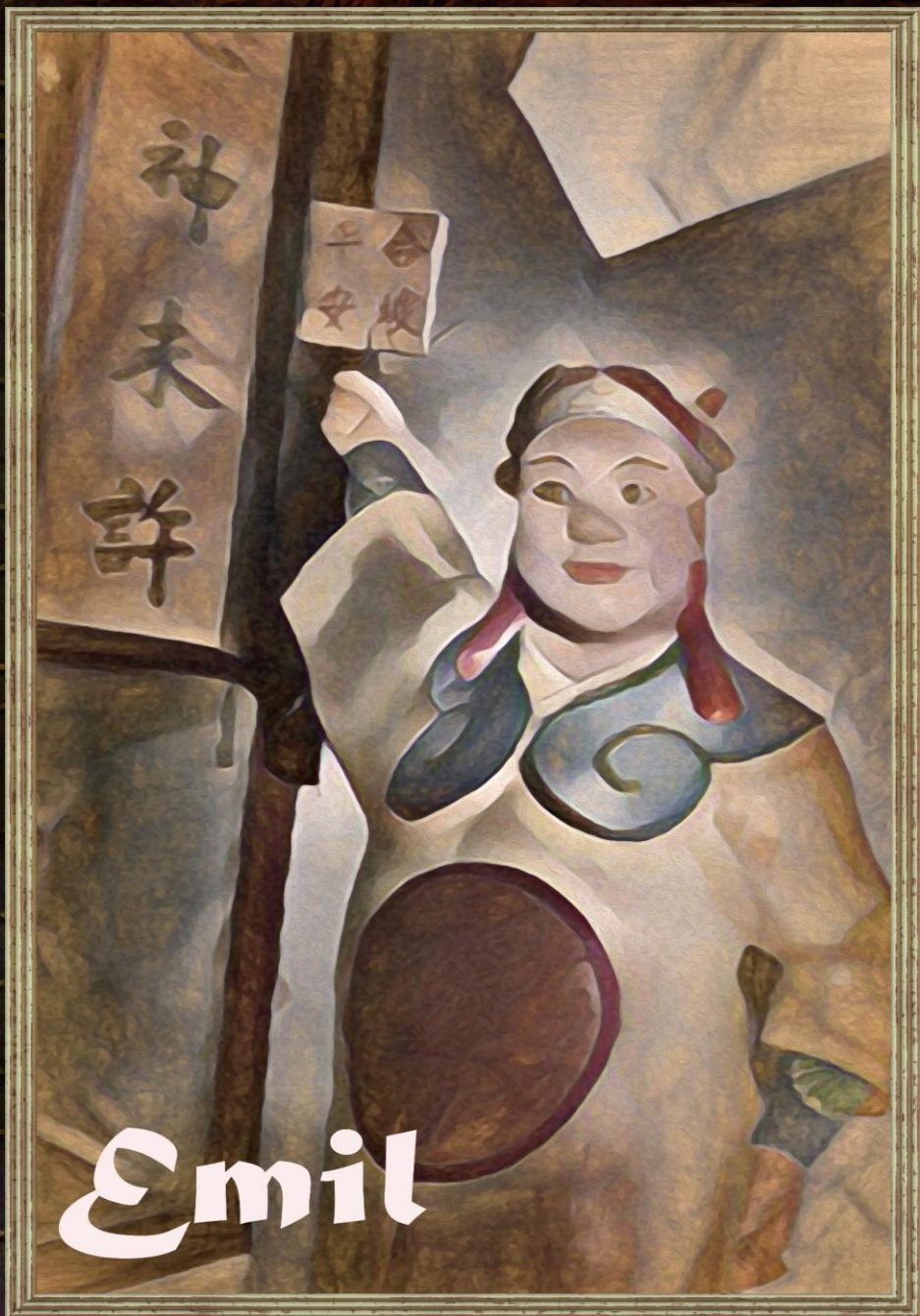
"Hot day...UHHH?"

The monk looked over and seemed to be sizing me up...never a good sign and then, he nodded and returned to silently sitting there on the bench with me.

"Been here long?"

"Taking pictures?"





Emil

A SEAT OF MY OWN...

I explained what I was doing and showed him my camera and he took a look at the digital photos that I had been shooting.

He started telling me that as a young man, he had wanted to be a photographer and had even had a Nikon Camera...at which point, I pulled out my trusty Nikon f4s and he was like a kid looking in the window of the candy store during a half-price sale. We talked for about twenty minutes or so about old cameras and how he was annoyed by the endless busloads of European, Japanese and mostly, the rude Chinese Tourists that filter through the temple, every day making messes that he and all the other monks had to spent so much time picking up and just by their overall and their endless rudeness.

This is where dawn came into the conversation with him explaining that in the early hours around dawn, the lighting made the temple magical. One thing led to another and the next, thing I remember...





Emil

A SEAT OF MY OWN...

we were making plans to meet at the employee's gate tomorrow morning... never being one to turn my back on such a generous offer and this book is the direct result of that chance meeting...

The old monk was very correct...it is truly magical, quiet and photography friendly as we awaited the Bhagwan Bob!





Emil

FROM EXILE..

Just passed through duty free but I was rather disappointed, disheartened when I saw that they lacked even the very basics of any 1st rate duty free... Not a bottle of Cuban Rum in sight and all I got was blank stares when I was so foolish to bring Cuban Cigars into my want list – although, one clerk did rally to my cause as he too hate a deep love of Cuban Cigars like they use to get by the plane full when he was a kid growing up in Laos...

Nice Kid!

I had three left but, I loaned him one as I have a soft spot for the people in Laos...really nice people that prospered in spite of the world's major effort to frack his poor country back to the Stone Age in a misguided (stupid) belief that they could bring World Communism to it's knees by wiping out the Laotian People...

Then, they (the CIA) discovered the drugs and then, it got worse and this left a much deeper scare as the people of Laos were at the wrong end of this money stick...and more of them died!



Emil



Emil

FROM EXILE..

As I said...he was a nice kid...
Well, Campers this as been a long stay here in Yangon – one that has been one of truly mixed blessings, outright night tremors that left one with the endless time to take stock of their own mortal soul, to pray for the luck of the draw to not run out before they called your name and it left me with the very troubling thought about the long history of my hit-or-miss track record with “Old Lady” Luck and her evil Pitbull, “Karma.”

Yangon (Rangoon for all you that still celebrate the British Raj or are Richard Kipling Fans) is a nice city, the people (with a rare exception) are good people even when they are hustling you for your last penny...which they do to feed their families in an economy that has left them with few better options.

Of course, I will not publish this before I leave as that might complicate my actual departure as such thing (even when said in a positive manner and intent) are NOT said out loud or printed or shared in e-mails...everything is tracked...The firewall lives here very well...Thank to our Chinese Friends.





Emil

FROM EXILE..



As Seine eluded to, I was stricken with a terrible bug that came out of nowhere and I feel violently ill on the city bus. The kind people of Yangon rallied about me and swung into immediate action, they kicked me off the bus...leaving me to take a taxi all the way back to my hotel in rush hour (a rather expensive trip for a poor man such as myself). Went off to bed hoping to sleep whatever this was off but in the early hours of the next morning, I was far worse...

I went downstairs and a very panicked clerk shakily gave me directions to a nearby clinic...as I left, I saw him spraying the entire front lobby with a rather robust energy that you don't normally see in his generation...

"No go with you...!"

Every taxi driver automatically assumed the worst that I was death incarnate and they seemed of a collective opinion they were not gonna go with me anywhere!

Anyway! The clinic was only a couple of blocks over from the hotel, so I walked.



Emil

FROM EXILE..



The morning air...pollution and all, was good for me, I was enjoying my morning stroll and luckily, most people were yet to leave for work - if they were so fortunate...many aren't!

It never struck me at the time that this was anymore than a rather bad case of the flu and even though, I had read and heard of rumours of a mysterious virus sweeping China; there was no way to make a connection as it had been over a year since I was detained by the Thought Police in Hong Kong...

Once at the clinic, the receptionist looked up as I entered through the closed door and promptly ran into the back room leaving me to cool my heels for about 20 minutes...right here...out here in the clinic's lobby.

Strange???

Well...some people (especially the young generation and old Nationalists who had fought the English back in the day) just don't like talking to foreign devils and like, I totally understand and had no problem taking a chair to wait. What else was I gonna do?



Emil

FROM EXILE..



I know that this is a rather long, drawn out story that could have been summarized several pages ago and save a tree or two (Opps...there aren't paper books anymore, are there?) .

Still, I didn't just say "Hey, I got sick!" as that would have taken away from illustrating how out-of-touch I was really with what was going on in the Real World (NO! Not the old MTV Series!) and how I was blindsided by corporate globalism (their evil corruption and greed) and how I was about to become yet another, a very unwilling WOKE Victim of their immoral lust for power...that they had so hated me speaking the truth that they sent a deadly plague to seek me out in Burma (1,500 miles from Hong Kong) and infect me!

Of course, at this point, I had not had the time necessary to think this conspiracy theory all the way through until much later...Later, I did!

An older doctor had been summonsed by the young receptionist/nurse and he had a series of rather odd questions about my associate with China...



FROM EXILE..



“Have you been to China?”

At the time, this struck me as a rather odd way to start a conversation and you know me; I gathered up my soapbox and began to give him the extended version of my troubled relationship with the CPC and the Thought Police of Hong Kong.

Barely into my tale, he waved his hand and asked in a calm but stern tone...

“Have you been in China in the past weeks?”

Well the answer was “of course not!” as I was rather disappointed that I wasn’t able to complete my tale of misjustice and abuse at the hands of those evil swine, the CPC!

I drew back and thought to take a moment to get a better bearing on my current venue and just wasn’t sure by his response that he might not have a cousin or two in his extended family tree that were in the CPC and I just made the big mistake of insulting his family or his ancestry.

I thought to myself “dial this back Bubba!”



Emil

FROM EXILE..



Then he asked...

“Have you had any association with any Chinese Person in the past several weeks?”

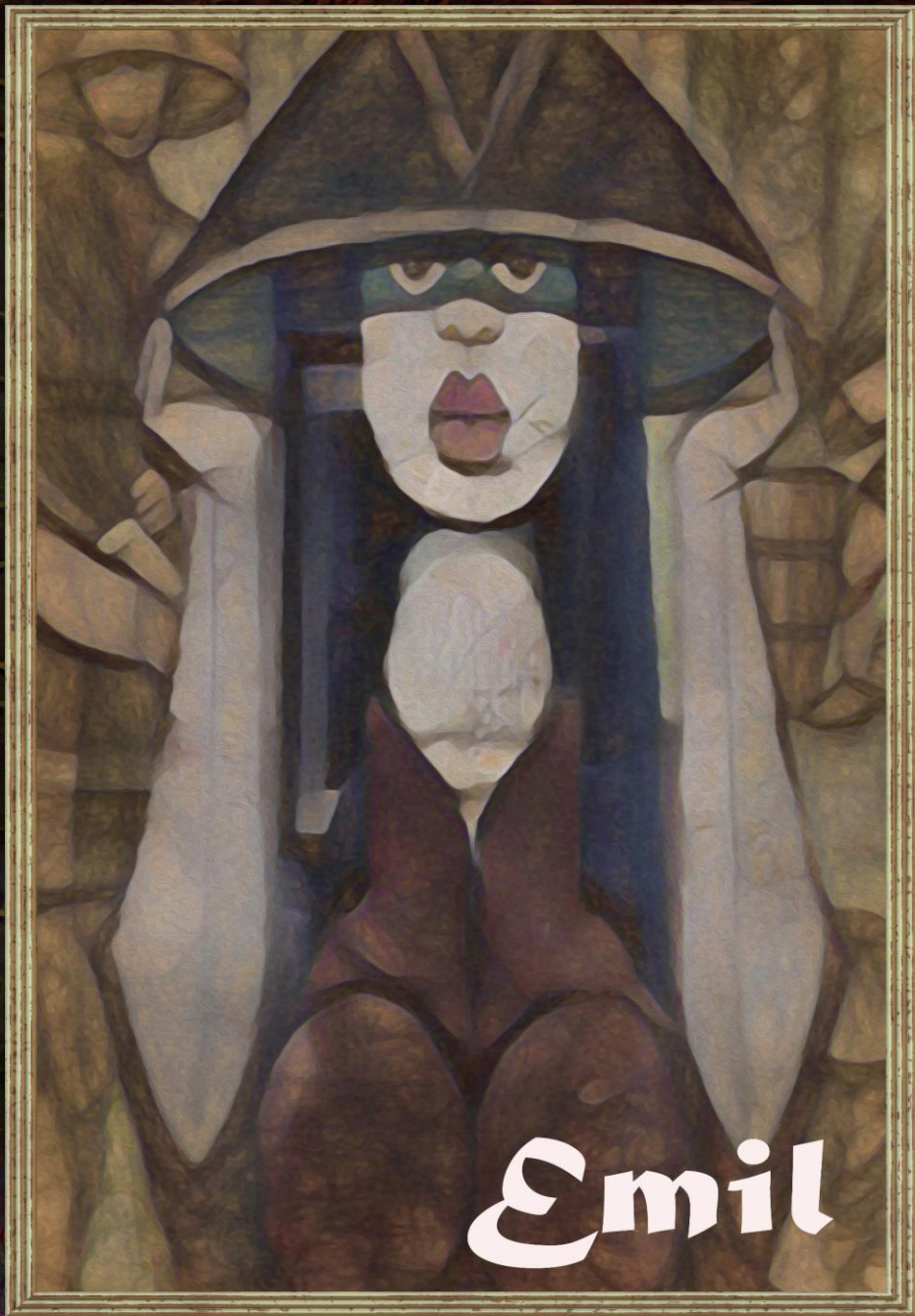
OH God!

He must be a CPC Agent of some sorts as that is just the kind of question that you would expect them to ask in an effort to trick you into giving up your connections or to insight a confession of an ever confused suspect - much as any good, senior Thought Police Officer would do...and did, when I was their guest last year.

He repeated his question but, this time you could see that he was loosing his patience and I did need his help...I was very ill by then.

I explained in as close to a “Reader’s Digest” version of any conversation with me; I first said “No!”

Then, I did mention that my hotel had been full of Chinese Tourists including that old lady (CPC Party Member – you could just tell by the way she carried herself) that got upset that I hadn’t stepped aside to let her get to the head of the buffet line and told him the



FROM EXILE..



whole story about how she had confronted me, pushed me aside and that not being famed as politically aware or even polite...that I might have responded to her that she was no longer in her little village and NO! I didn't give a frack about how well she was connected to those gangsters who ran the CPC...and if she was connected to them, then...she must be a gangster too!

I went on to explain that for the entire breakfast, she sat near by just staring me down with one of those official, that deep state, that evil eye of a total authoritian overload that meant to even the most unaware bystander as to mean: "You will pay!"

I stopped as it seemed rather odd that he seemed to be listening and he seemed to be taking notes in some urgent detail...

He asked more similar questions about elevators, public areas or other places were I had any connection to Chinese Tourists...

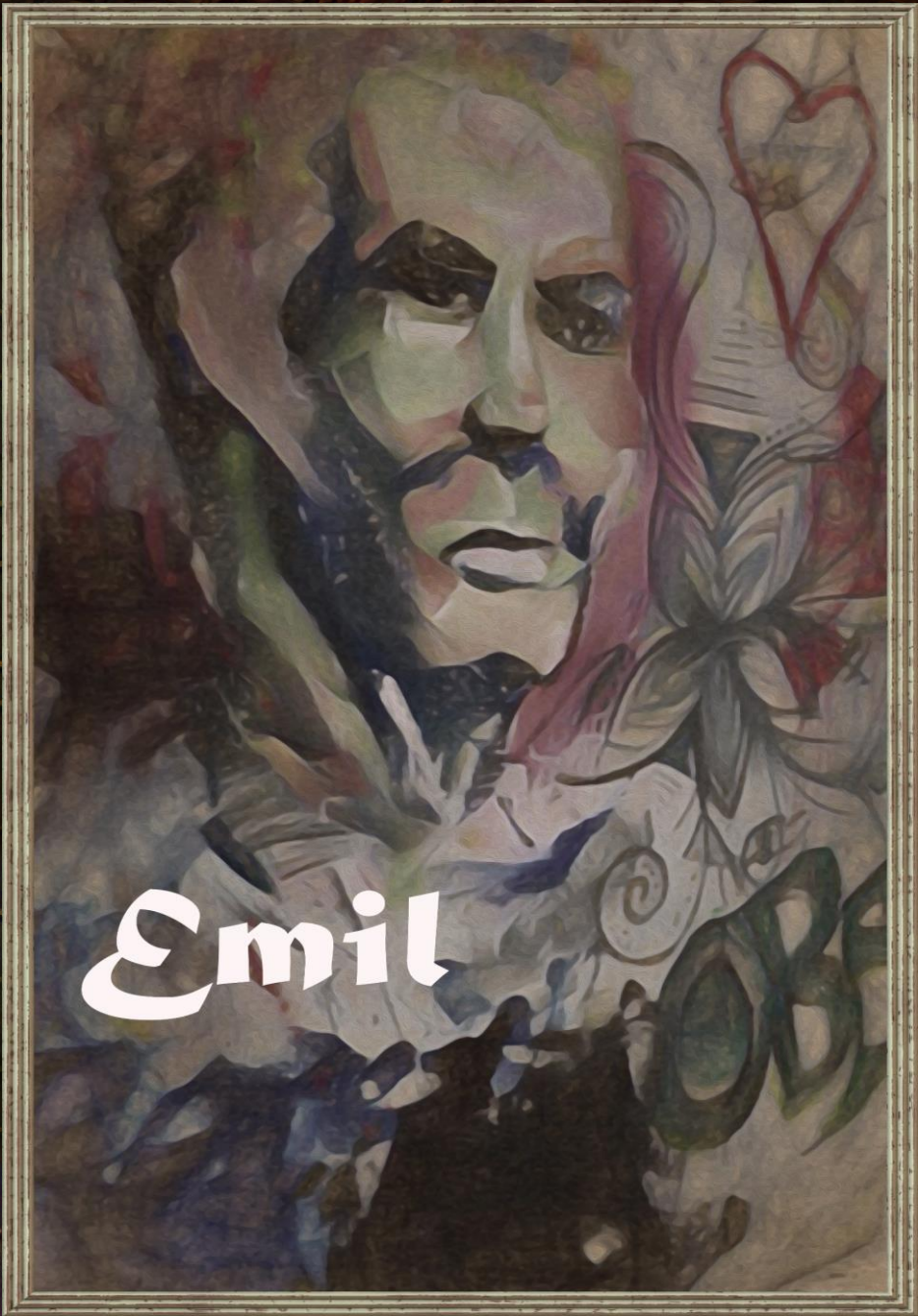


Emil

FROM EXILE..



He rose slowly and asked me to wait.
Another 20 minutes passed without
Any additional conversation(s).
Anyway Campers! I will save you several
more pages of extremely slow storyline
about the doctor telling me that he
feared that I might have been infected
with this new virus from China and how
it was important that I be isolated for at
least 14 days back at my hotel...which
seems to have become an unregistered,
hot zone cluster...Thank you, CHINA!
I asked how he could be sure?
He plainly said, "we don't have any way
to test you...officially, this doesn't
exist...so go back to your hotel, lock
yourself up in your room...food and
water will be brought to you..."
Puzzled and angered by my great luck
and the thought of how that old lady
must have given it to me out of
meanness;
I asked "What next?"
He shook his head after taking a few
steps back...
"You will get better or die...It is up to
you and God...that is all I can do!"



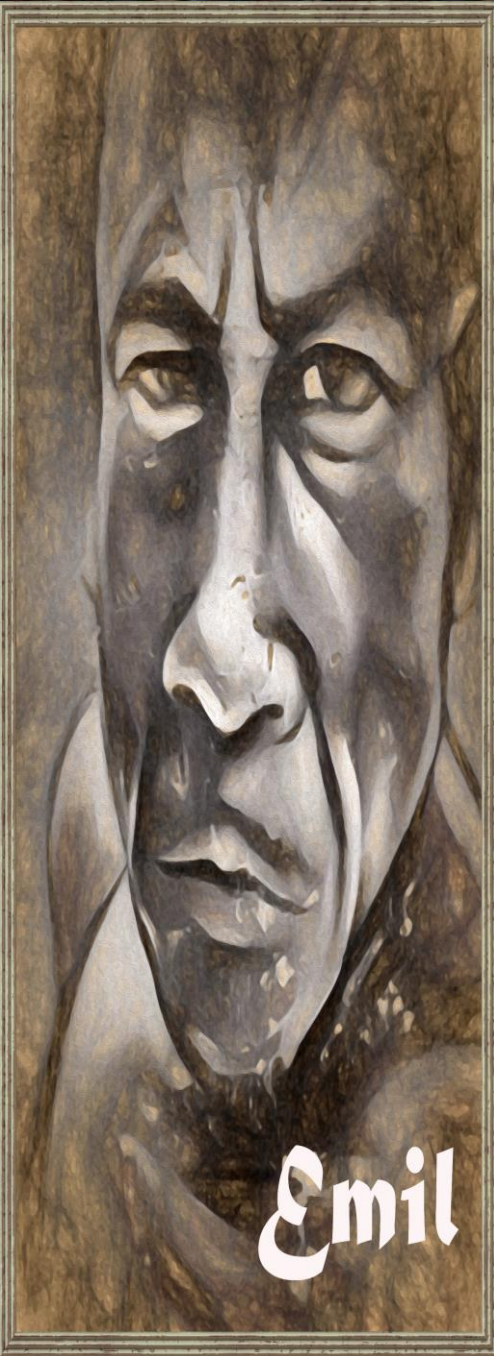
Emil

FROM EXILE..

CAMPERS! FRIENDS AND MY THREE FANS IN TOKYO...

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Spending a cheap week on the lovely little island of Penang but, this has turned to yet another working trip with no time, little money and no desire to go out into the noon day sun. It's hot, humid and without redeeming social grace...I'm here trying to figure out the island's massive bus system and it is massive, there is a bus every three minutes it seems but, you better speak more Malaysian than "How much?" and "Don't beat me because I'm an American!" the last part is not for the locals actual but, more so for the army of Snooty Euro-Trash (except the English...they are all drunk here...which is to say a lot for their initiative because, this is technically a "Dry" Country...) who only (seriously) want to go on-and-on about President Trump. I voted for Berny but, @\$% Give the guy a chance...he isn't even (technically) President yet...wait and





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

see if he actually drains the swamp and not just build condos, beachfront of the swamp.

I didn't vote for Old Hillary as I know Larry Nichols (google that name...no need to give him a free testimonial on my dime...he is best known for worked for Bill and then wrote the tell-all tale of all tales after Larry had a falling out with Hillary, the "Clinton Chronicles") and the stories he told us would scare even the most seasoned, political lounge lizard in Congress...you don't mess with the Clintons...in Arkansas, they will tell you that politics is a true contact sport...they don't mess around...To badly, paraphrase Jim Croce "you don't mess around the Slim (Clinton)...if you want to keep your health..." But even old Dr. Thompson never had a kind words for them other than they were better the King Lizard Bush.

That should be worth a lawsuit or two...what you think, Seine?



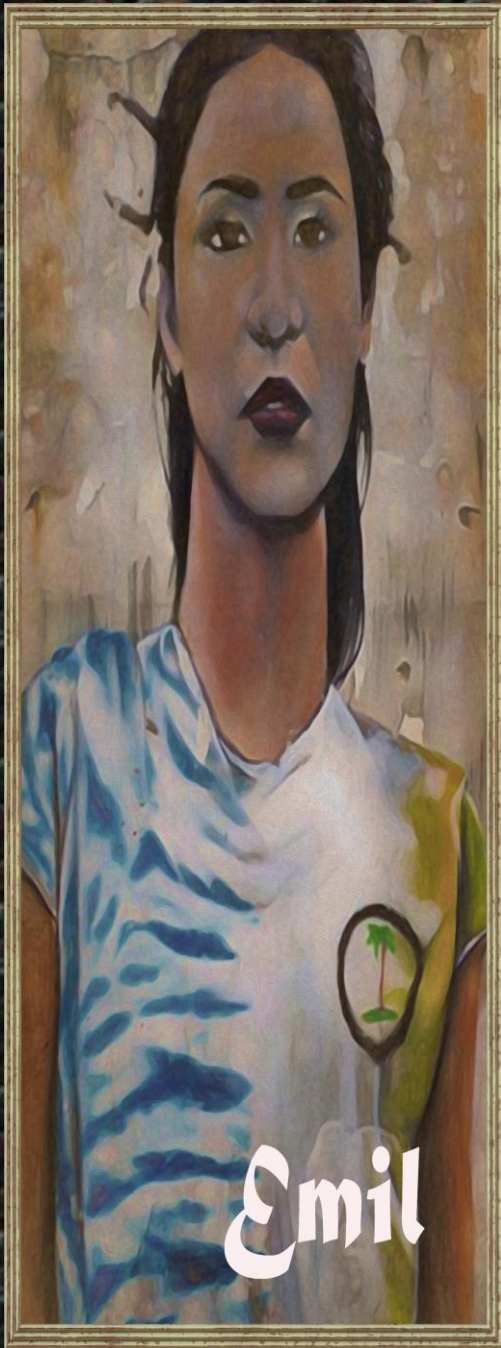


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FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

(EDITOR NOTE: Dr. Hunter Thompson's verbiage not Emil's and does not reflect the policies of WWWG)



Back to Penang...

This is a rather small island with a massive transit system way beyond a reasonable need but, you better have a guide to Sherpa you through its maze the first time or two.

I found that I could get to a place fairly simple, but, it was the getting back that was the tough not to crack.

People are refreshing in that like Korea, they ignore you and will not take pity of the poor, pitiful tourist about to spend an hour waiting for a bus that doesn't stop anywhere near that bus stop.

So, it is a mixed bag, on one hand you don't feel like a prize pig escaping from the county fair like you would in many Asian and 4th world locations with everyone staring, hooting and pointing as you walk by and collectively start yelling "Hey YOU! Where you go?"



Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

On the other hand, the lack of communications can be testy in a place where the buses, directions and even the thoughts are in a language you never thought to learn in school.

I know that those Euro-Trashing Donald Trump Haters are smiling and saying just another “Ugly American...this ain’t Trump Towers...”

But, realistically, how many of you had learning Malaysian at the top of the to do list...Back in College, the Career Counselor never took me aside and said “MALAYSIAN!”

OK! I get it...but, the reality is that they cater to vast numbers of tourists, here on the island, and would it be so hard to put up a sign at the bus stop that says, the following buses stop here.

Would it? Or at least that is the point I made when I visited the National Tourism Office (it was next to the damn bus stop and I had been waiting for over an hour for a 202 bus back to Chula Street to appear.





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

They were surprising friendly to this ragged, sweaty and after standing for an hour out in the noon day sun, I was not smelling all that fresh. I have studied this on and off for about 50 years and I have discovered that non-veggie Westerners stink after being exposed to the sun and humility of such tropic ports while the locals (who have yet to discover deodorants) don't - regardless of how long they are out in the sun. The reason that I can piece together is the low levels of protein in their diets.

I have further proof to correlate this antidotal research by the fact that the young generations who have adopted the western diet of McDonalds and Pizza Hut, they do smell as bad as I did walking into the National Board of Tourism Office that day.

Again, they were friendly, offered me ice water and a brochure about their FREE bus service...

Anyway, their main point is that most tourist are not destitute and can afford





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

a taxi (which are reasonably priced...I must admit) or pre-book a tour and do not need local transportation in order to save a few cents.

In closing, they appreciated my interest in how the locals lived but, that I should have done my homework and learned a few more phrases than “How much?” before coming.

“But where is the 202 bus stop back to Chula Street?”

And again, I get this...go to the terminal...they have a board that tells you which buses go where...but, then, as a newbie to bus riding here in Penang and I couldn't get anyone to explain the board and as to which bus was headed where.

Getting off the bus at the main, mall terminal (there are three...the docks where all of the massive Love Boats dispatch their boat loads of “Ugly, Donald Trump Hating Tourists” ...it goes to the shopping malls, terminal two and I guess the bus does run out to the airport and that's terminal three), normal right?





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

It is in this simplicity, that the whole thing falls apart for the uninitiated bus rider!

Buses technically run to the mall and turn around unless you are taking the bus to the airport...follow me so far? Go to the mall and you figure this was easy breezy...just get back on the bus and remember where my stop is.

Right?

Turned out to be very wrong!

Went to get back on the virtually, the same bus...in fact...it was even the same driver that had dropped me off... and I told him I wanted to go back to Chula Street...reasonable fare...1.40 Malaysian dollars...

"No...No! Wrong Bus..."

"Whatz?"

"...Outside...not at terminal! The bus stops outside."

The hope of this conversation lied in the driver telling me where outside. Outside is downtown and this is a massive area for being such a small island.



Emil



Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Spent a grand total of three days figuring this out...

NO! I wasn't stuck in the mall for three days...

It (the bus stop) turned out to be three blocks over in the other direction from the majority of the other bus stops...The real joke...you know that it was coming, didn't ya?

The real joke is that the 202 bus stop that is three blocks from the terminal (wrong direction from Chula Street) is almost as far as it was to walk back to the hotel (five blocks from the mall).

I was proud that I had worked out the process and that I had actually discovered the bus's secret stop and decided to wait and actually ride the bus back in triumph!

I waited, then I waited some more and then about forty-five minutes later the 202 bus showed up...upon arrival back to the hotel...I bragged that I was now a seasoned Penang Bus Rider, while the clerk said "You know it is only a ten to fifteen-minute walk from here?"





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Thank you very much!

That just ripped the rug out from under me and then to add insult to further aggravation to it, I was cornered by yet another Euro-Type wanting to fight me about Donald Trump in the elevator...luckily, I was on floor four!

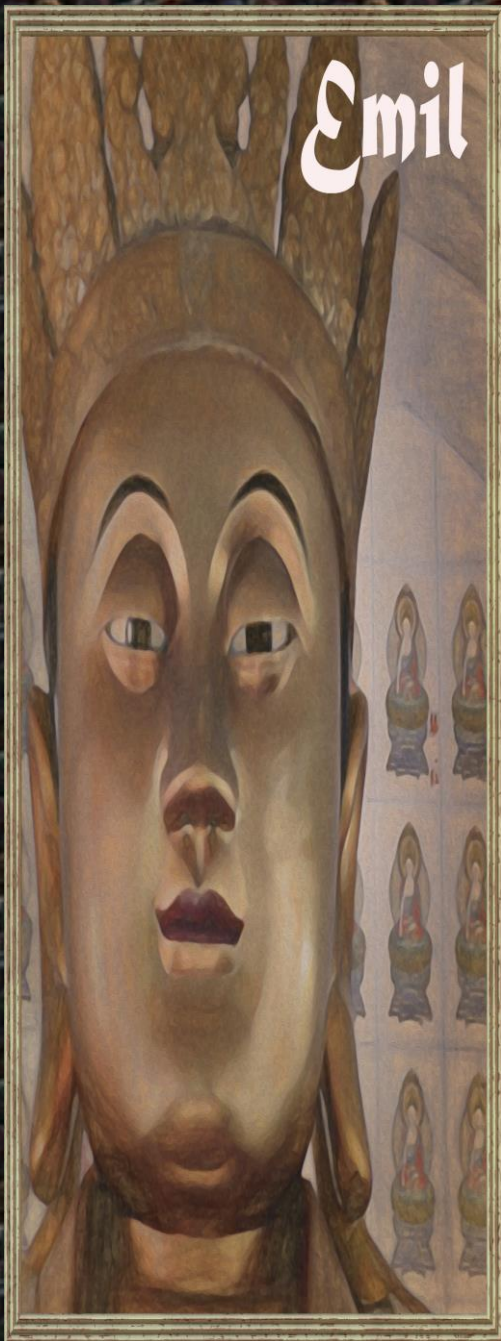
"Whatz up with these people...they aren't even Americans...they don't live in the states...so what is their big anxiety about some guy who isn't even president yet...?"

My only advice to them is

"Bubba! Get a life!"

I am glad that I missed the majority of this past election and for being, most time, in some isolated locations in the fourth and fifth world, where telexing messages from the district post office is still state of the art.

Being out of touch does have its rewards as it makes the world less complicated and stressful (not in daily living out here...just getting through the day is a remarkable feat some days!)



Emil



FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

but, it does put me at a disadvantage
when confronted by the likes of these
anti-Trump haters...

I haven't a clue as what they are talking
about if it is current news...

And besides!

No one woke up this morning and
appointment to be the office American,
Trump Spokesperson...

Or did they?

Who knows?

Stranger things have happened than
that...

Who knows; I have been away?

If I have been nominated as an official
spokes model for the new
administration...please... have the
Trumpster's People telex me and let me
know how much does it pay...

OH! Yea...expenses covered?

Always seeking a good paying gig and
free mini-bar service at the Holiday
Inn...

Thank you very much!

Sorry...back to Penang...





FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Penang is a time warp version of Singapore like it was back in the early the 1980-90's...

It is a clean city...

Well not as well as Singapore but, still cleaner than most places that you find elsewhere in Asia.

Penang is just starting to build and the hi-rises are going up and even the small earthquake that we had (the other day) won't stop this steam loader of progress...

It is a controlled society and that was very clear with a casual glance at the English-Language paper that someone left out in the lobby, it would be scary to live here if you were from America and loved personal freedoms.

That is maybe too drastic but, after reading a page-two story about how the Penang SWAT Team raided a local home to capture an "AIR" gun...

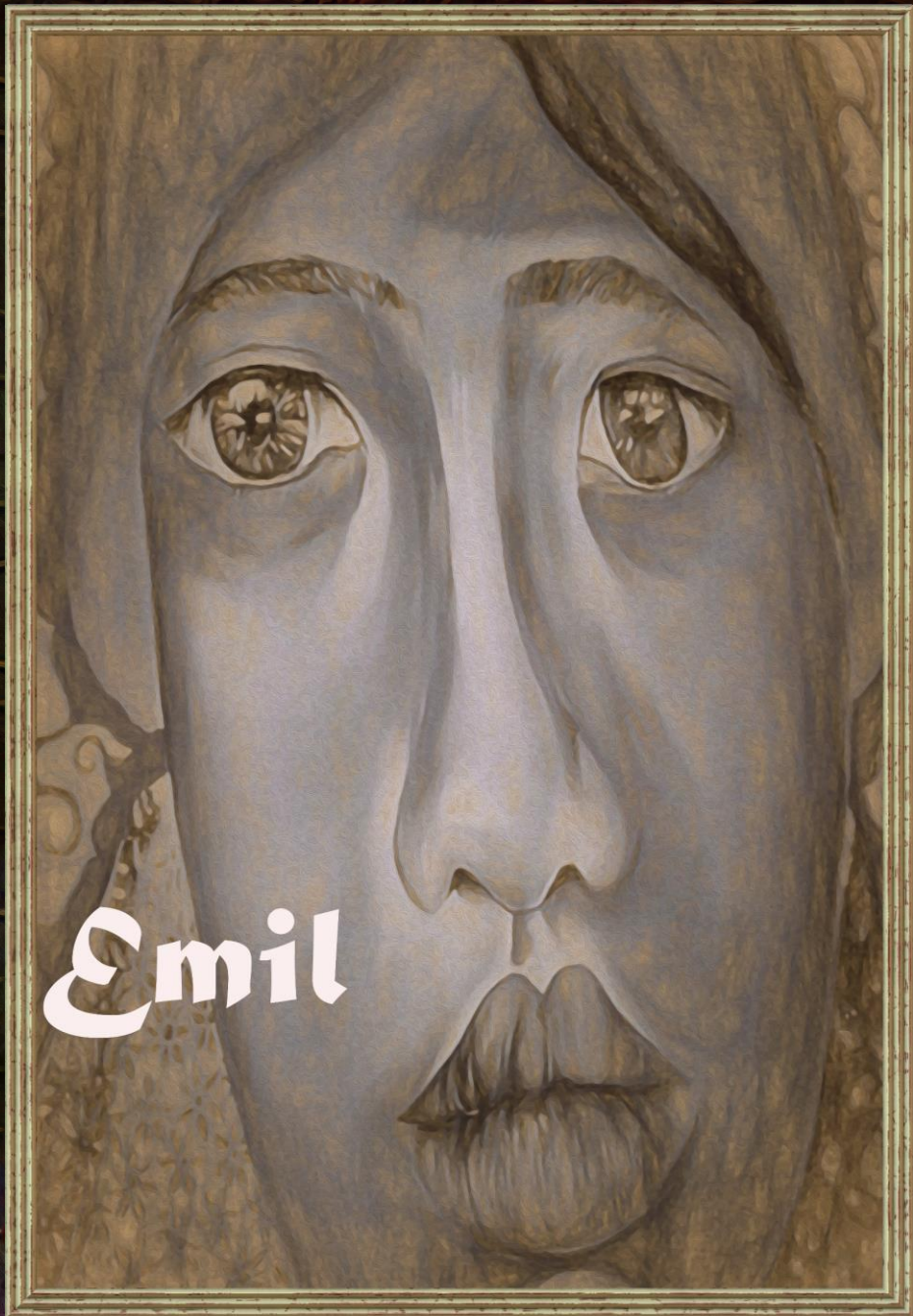
Basically, just a regular kid's B.B. Gun....

A kid's B.B. Gun?

Yea!

They sent in the SWAT Team?





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Take that “Obama’s gone take our guns away!” crowd back in the states.

I can’t even imagine that in America?

“Breaking NEWS: Swat has raided a house in south-central Los Angles on information that they processed an unregistered B.B. Gun...In a related story...”

Talked to an American staying here and he said the gun store owners were very upset with Trump winning the election as they had their big “Hillary is gonna take your guns away Fire Sale!” already planned and they were expecting that their profits would be even greater than their annual “Obama is gonna take your guns away” sales...in fact, he told me that most stores only had to replace Obama with Hillary’s name.

That is why he decided to take a vacation as sales have dropped to nothing as no one is worried that Donald Trump is gonna take their guns away...He was totally bummed out as for eight almost nine years, he had





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

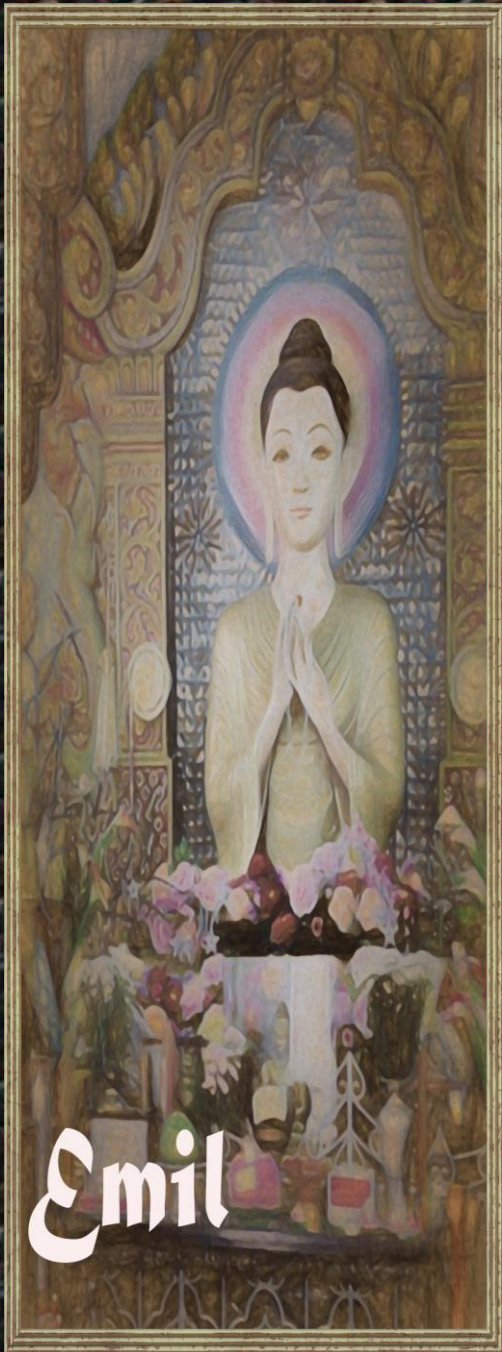
made a good living off creating fear and causing people to stock up before they were all gone.

Now it was all gone and he was thinking that it might be a good time to get out of the business and he was looking for a nice, cheap place to retire...then, he showed me the page two story about the SWAT Team and the B.B. Gun...

"This ain't the place for me either, bubba! I would have sold them that B.B. Gun... if I was truthful...once a gun dealer always a gun dealer...that is who I am...Damn that Hillary!"

I believe in common sense rules but, by the time that SWAT is raiding my house because the neighbors turned me in because they saw a B.B. Gun hidden in my garage; it is time to pack it up, pick up and move out of Dodge but, sadly, it will not be to Penang.

Everything seems like the 1990's here... The Malls and especially the radio...causal hits of the 1990's.





FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Fashion here is kind of the same although, it is different...there is that western sense of the late 1990's on display in the Malls but there is a vast gulf and fashion is based upon religion and residence status.

Muslim girls almost, universally, wear headscarves covering their heads and usually casual, 1990's Hilary Pant Suits combos.

I found myself watching the Penang Home Shopping Network and it was educational and it took a good thirty meets for my interest to wane on those classy, black, full length pants that are able to conceal, shape and firm...

ONLY 150 Malaysian Dollars for the next thirty minutes...

All credit cards accepted!

Sorry...this is about as racy as they get here.

Chinese girls wear more conventional and modern fashions but still this consists of conservative dresses or jeans with tops and tee-shirts...





Emil

FROM EXILE..

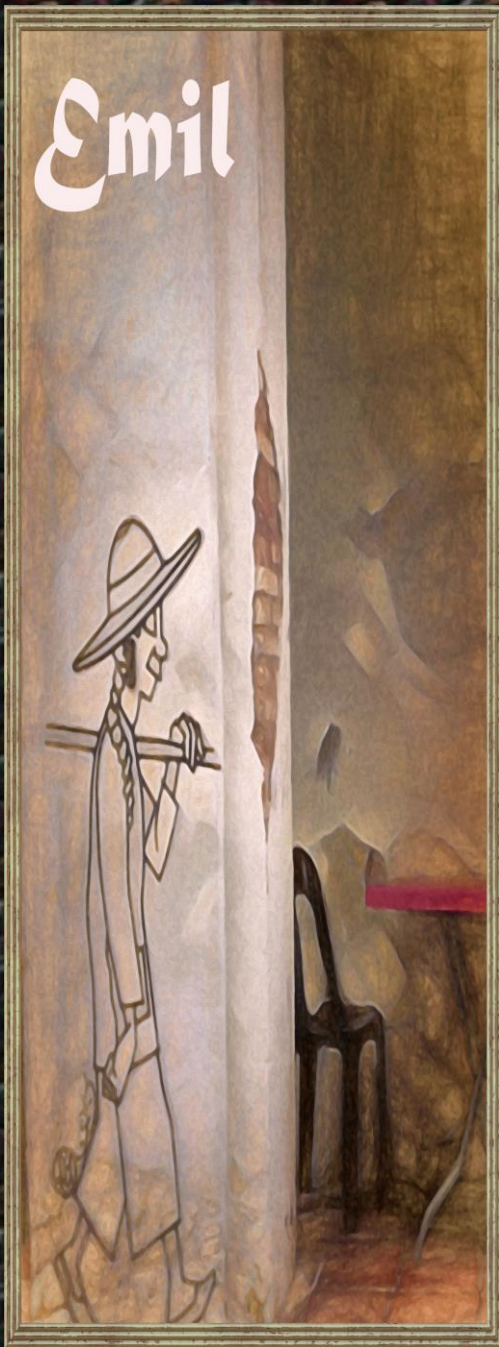
WELCOME TO PENANG!

I know...

"Thank you Mr. Fashion!"

But, it is important as a sign of how a mixed community with drastically different lifestyles can come together and live more or else in peace...regardless of an occasional, unregistered B.B. Gun.

Speaking of TV...everywhere I go...the TV is full of soap operas...in Thailand, every evening, in most homes, consists of an evening watching some over privileged teenagers having a terrible time of living the Malibu Hood Lifestyle of the one-percenters who can only deal with their stressful lives of misery by being overly bitchy, pouty or more than a little slutty (sometimes all), sick, bitchy fathers and angry, willing- to-fight-at-a-moment's notice Aunties seem to be the unification factor of this institution – so strong an institution that when the government tried to ban these soap operas, they came back with a changed mind within hours of the first



Emil



FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

announcement...apparently, the ministers went home and discovered how truly bitchy and freighting those angry Aunties really were.

I never stopped to think that this was a universal obsession and here in Penang, it is no different. I think I learned more about the local culture in an evening's worth of Islamic Soap Operas than I could in a hundred official, Ministry of Tourism Tours.

It was better than the BBC News...seems, that at this point in time anything would be...do they have more than ten minutes of actual news?

Without repeating it?

I remember a lifetime ago how the BBC crackling out of a static-full wireless receiver was a nightly must listen to get a fair and even balance of news. How far they have fallen and I could only watch the first 15 minutes...mostly because all it has become is "Listen to what Donald Trump said today!" or worse all those fake stories about massive protests and you look around





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

at the video and there might be twenty people milling around and some woman (tears in her eyes) saying that "America has been taken over by the Anti-Christ..." and the reporter wants you to believe that she is the average person on the street...

Really?

I wonder if she even voted?

That's how I found the Penang Home Shopping Network...

Thank God!

Opps!

Praise Allah!

Finally, some reasonable programming!

Or at the very least, here there is alternatives that are educational!

Look how they slim?

Flipped the channel to number four and there were Penang's rock-n-rollers talking about how difficult it is to be a rocker without getting rolled by the censor police for everything that a traditional rock-n-roll band stands for is forbidden fruit both culturally and legally.





FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

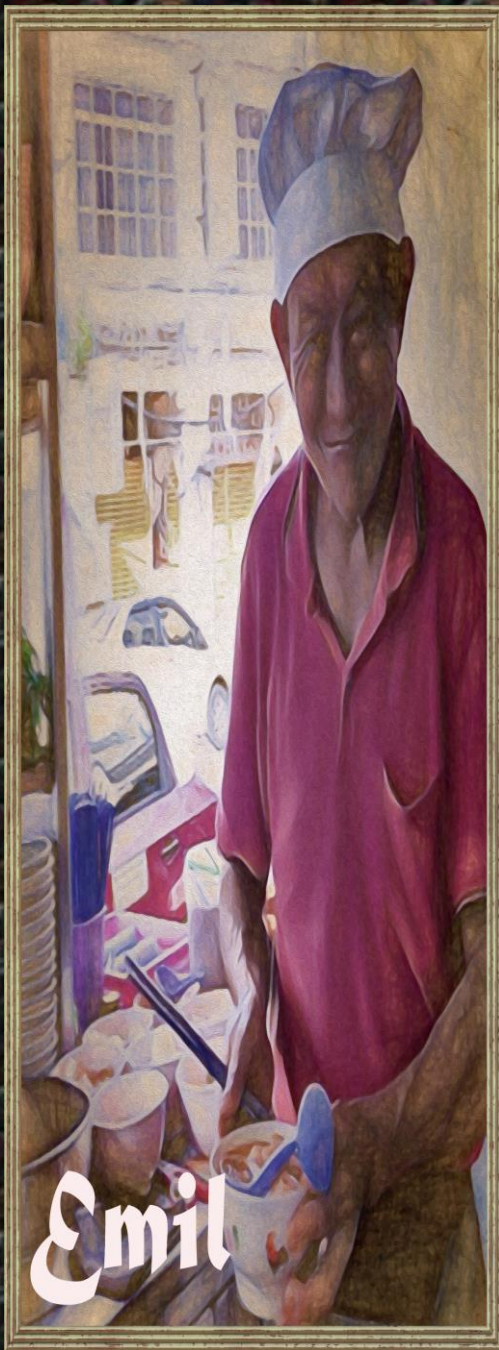
Yes, this true elsewhere ask me about the ridiculous censor laws in Singapore were basically watching "Sex in the City" was worth a caning and a lengthy time in the local lockup for being a moral degenerate.

This is another example that I give when people start talking about making laws to make people behave like it was 1660 AD and this is what you end up with.

Good ideas like this start in noble intentions and pure thought and quickly degenerate (in the own way) where you have roaming bands of moral vigilantes arresting people based upon their own accepted believes (as the laws are usually badly written to mean anything so that they can be used to control the people) and you have SWAT Teams raiding private homes in search of B.B. guns.

It is truly as slippery sloop.

Meanwhile, at the malls are boy bands dancing and prancing up and down the escalators while singing some silly, little





FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

ditty about sunshine, lollipops and rainbows (or was it unicorns?) everywhere...all the while, another floppy-mopped youth is shooting the video with a professional, I-Phone or Galaxy 7 (hopefully not trailing a cloud of smoke and the smell of burning electronics and flesh).

Flipping back to channel three...

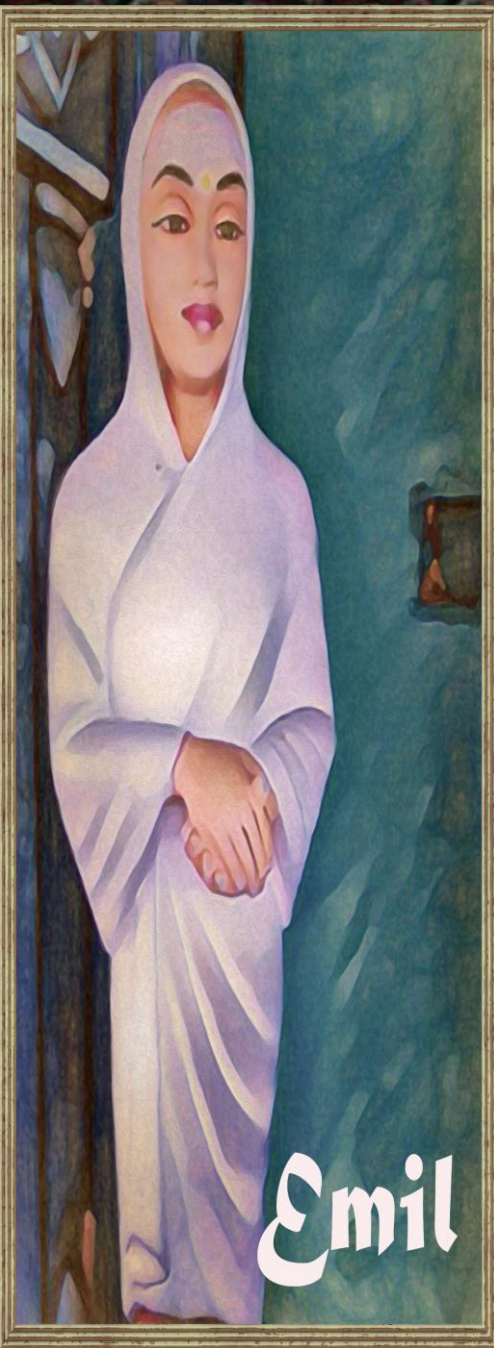
"They will make you look slimmer; they will cover every feature to insure you are secure in avoiding the lustful eyes of men..." Wait! Aren't those the same pants as before?

May need to watch longer to see if I can discover the difference...thirty more minutes wasted...

OH! Well...

There is not much of a night life as the whole town rolls up its sidewalks a little after nine...

The open, rooftop, hotel bar is serving popcorn and showing movies after 8 PM...HBO is showing cutting, social edge, cartoon movies from the 1990s.





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

So it is either the Penang Home Shopping Network or rejoin the latest repeat of the BBC's newest, Trump insults...

I can catch that anytime as they are on a 15-minute news loop but, I only have thirteen more minutes to discover the secret of these pants to slim and conceal my butt...

Can I say butt?

Hubba! Hubba!!!

BUTT!!!

Damn, I could use a slimmer butt but, I don't have a credit card and the call will be on me as WWWG has made it very clear as to what expenses that they will not cover...

Thank you, Chuckie!!!

Speaking of that... Seine has shown up again...

This is like the second time within the past six weeks that he has popped up at my door without warning and wanted to spent time with me...Like Seine, we go back forever and there was a time





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

when it was enjoyable to have him, Claudie and even Kurts...the former Nazi...that is unfair as he was fourteen when he was carted off to Russia and the great children's crusade in the east...

Kurts real was a strange fish. If he knew you fifteen years or fifteen minutes, he treated you the same.

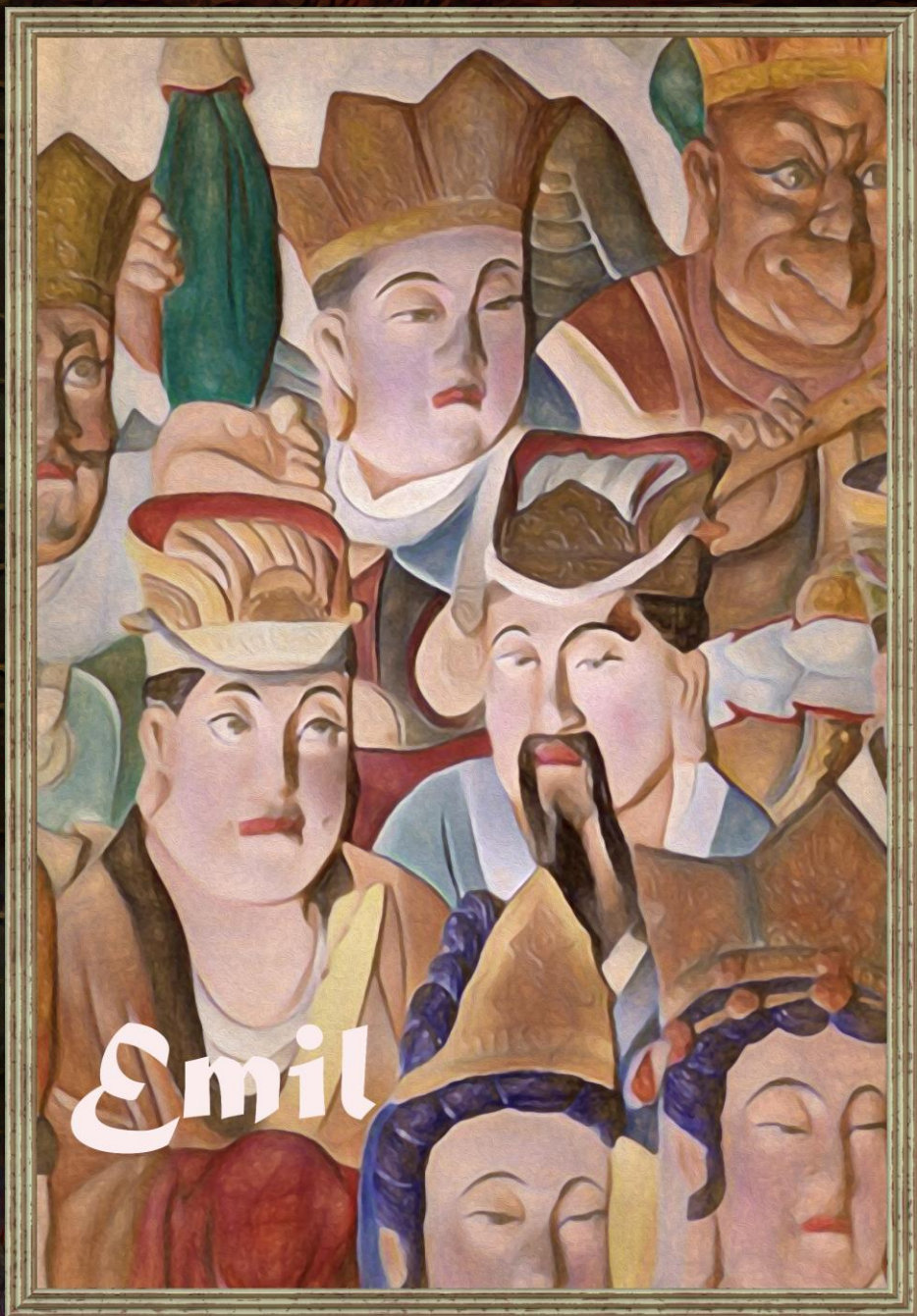
He would walk fifty miles on broken glass to help a friend.

He was kind to friends and animals (for some strange reason small...miniature dogs) but, you never wanted to make him mad.

See it was the training and when done at such an early age, it stays with you...his training was to react without thinking, as a few seconds on the Russian Front was the difference between coming home or in being buried in some unmarked grave in some roadside junction.

When startled or mad, he reacted...even though he wasn't the





Emil

FROM EXILE..

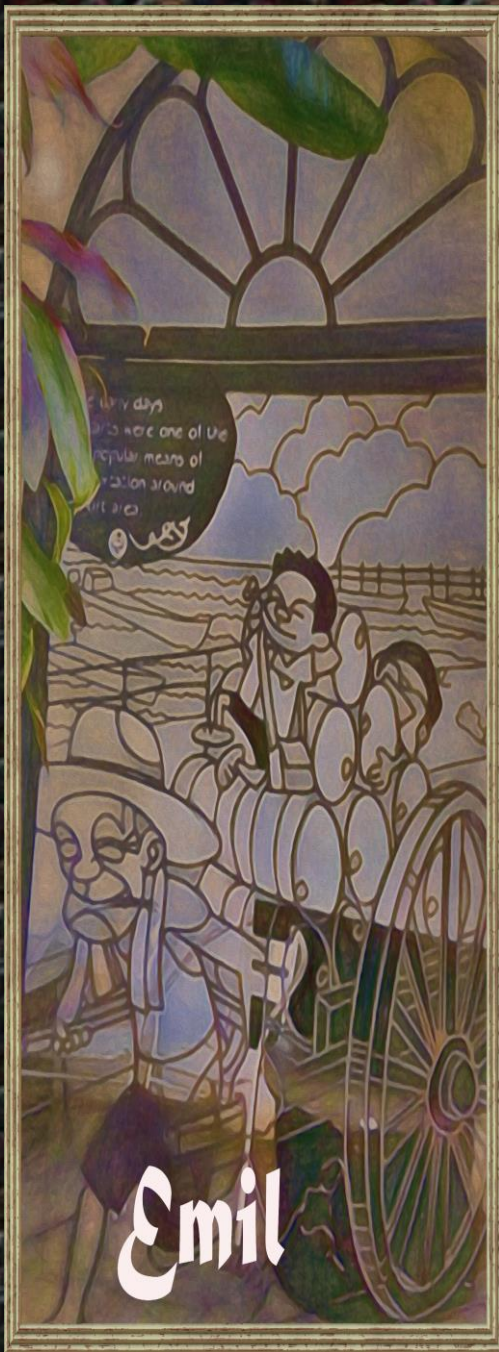
WELCOME TO PENANG!

biggest of guys...he might pick you up and snap your spine without even remembering doing it.

Anyway, Kurts disappeared over a generation ago...no one talks much about it anymore...

So, I will not speak badly (even if I could) of the dead and departed. I have spent a great deal of effort into making myself hard to find and how quickly Seine is finding me is downright disappointing and I am starting to fear that I have lost my touch...there is a line in an old Jimmy Buffett Song about "disappearing without a trace..." and I was smug in the belief that I had faded from the page of the real world and that I was only an old, grease stain along the highway of life...

Anyway, Seine decided to tag along for the work in this edition...that's cool in that his expense account is much more generous than mine and he does have several credit cards...



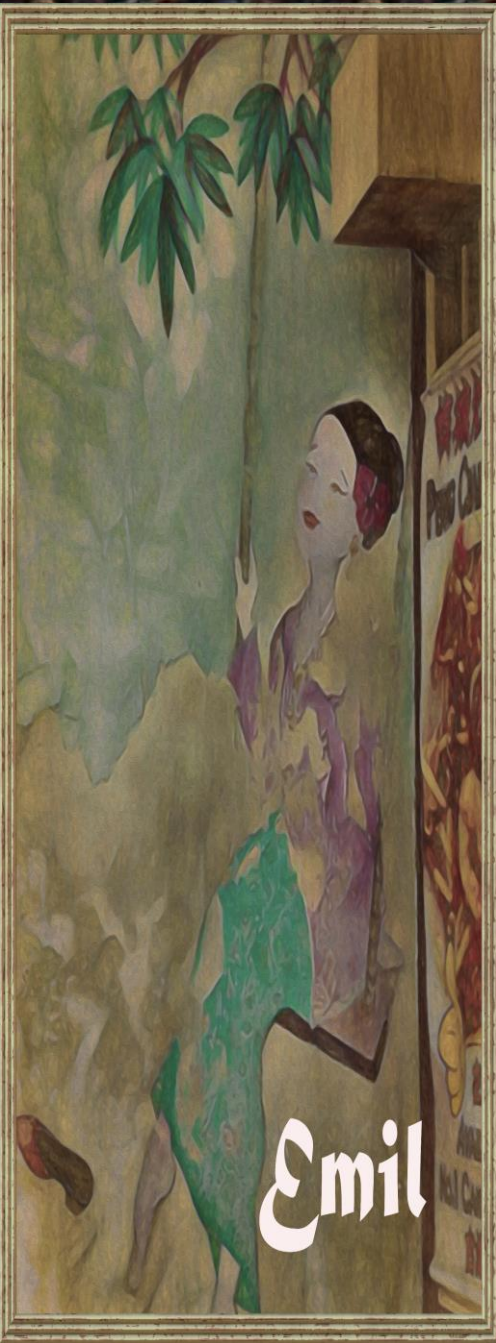


Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Last time, we met was in Bangkok for last month's extension book on traveling by city bus to discover the under seen parts of Chinatown...over where the real Thai People work and live without the phoniness of the stereotyped, smiling Thai Person...where you can even get a lot more than a frown if you push it... Anyway, I took that new Nikon digital camera with several memory cards supplied by WWVG and it is different shooting with digital and unlimited shots allowed. When you shot with 36 frames of 35mm film, you need to be patient, have the eye of an artist to lay out the shot to tell a complete story within a single frame and as you only have 36 stories that you can tell...you need to edit yourself on the spot. Digital erases all of this and I can now shoot unlimited variations of a single story and weave it together with a computer to reassemble the complete story...





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

it revolutionizes the whole process or maybe, it takes us back to what photographers knew back in World War 1 about what they thought was the primary story of their picture was the farthest thing from reality.

See film was very expensive and still rather rare; so, war photographers shot in wide angles to get a lot into the picture...more bang for the buck...

I discovered this about a generation ago when, I had a gig process and restoring pictures of the war.

It was not unusual for my attention to differ from the main topic over to something happening on the very fringe of the picture...that was where the action usually was and most times, had gone unseen by the original photographer as they had to do so much to do to get the shot set up.

I remember this one picture of a military headquarters and a simple staff photo.





FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Normally a boring and staged picture of pomp and stuffiness but, trailing the line of starched uniforms and Napoleonic stances, down towards the end at the gathering, I saw this guy...a guy with a mop in his hand and I could not take my eyes off him and his image is still etched into my mind...

It was like a random lightning bolt struck me down, there he was...and, the story he told was that you could tell that he was deeply proud of his weapon of choice and he was very proud and more than a little happy to be there instead of some stinking, blood drenched trench of death...

The original photographer never saw him or if he did, he cursed that fool's ruinment of his proper company portrait...

Today, this fool is what his photo is most recalled and viewed for...

So, on this trip, I picked and packed my most treasured weapon of choice...my Nikon F4(s) and small assortment of





FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

and I thought that since I am on
WWWG's dime...

35mm film is getting rather expensive,
harder to find and finding a proper
processing lab is nearly impossible to
find as most of the lab masters who
were my generation's guru, artistic
masters of creativity are retired and/or
dead.

There is no new generation to replace
them and the labs fell into ruin or were
turned into Starbucks or Pretzel County
eateries...

But, I have spent too much time with
digital and my patience has turning into
ADD and I could sense that Seine was
collapsing into serve economic shock
and all he could do is mumble about
the cost of the film.

Other than that, we spent a day on the
outer edges of Penang, out in the
foothills of the surrounding mountains
up at the Kek Lok Si Temple...which,
through the kind assistance of quick
wittedness and resourcefulness by our





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

taxi driver (hey! It is on Seine's dime...so why not?) who dropped us at the workers' entry and we walked in with the rest of the crew without challenge nor delay...we had over an hour or so free in the temple before the massive horde of those Trump Hating Euro-Snobs were allowed in the front gate. Seine asked me to edit the pictures as the Temple utilizes that backwards swastika that existed for 30, 000 years as symbolism of the four great powers of creation but, thanks to Kurts' People (them lovely Nazis) corrupting, abusing and in the continual dumbing of our civilization, most people would get it confused with the German version and it would be banned everywhere except on the White Extremist's Month Best Sellers List (Who knows...maybe WWWG could sell more copies...but, I am not gonna give them the notion... I do have my standards... Understandably, they are low but, this might be too low and unfair to the





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

White Extremists who I am sure are good to their friends and even small animals too).

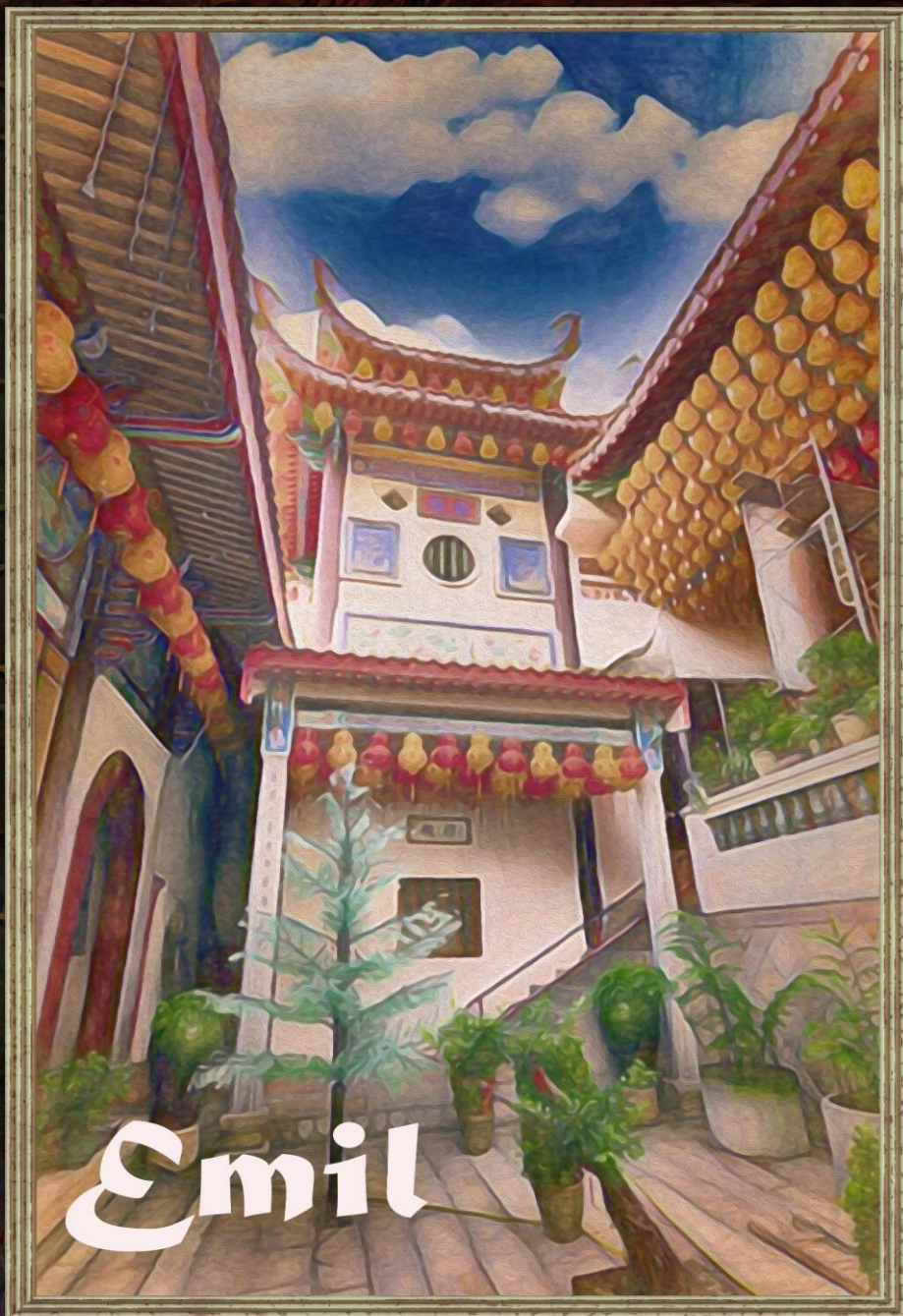
This book is the end product of the amazing beauty and solitude (as we were here before the crowds) of the temple and Seine's constant complaining about film, the heat (my God! He lives in Singapore! They have humidity there to!) and about having to walk so far back to the bus stop as our taxi driver saw no advantage of hanging around for us...

I try to explain to Seine what tipping can achieve in greasing the wheels here in the 3-4-5th World...

Ultimately, he is so controlled and under the magical, evil powers of WWWG's slime, accountant...Chuckie...and I cannot get him to loosen his death grip on his coin purse...

If he had, we would have had a ride waiting to take us back to his hotel... So there, Seine...feet still swore?





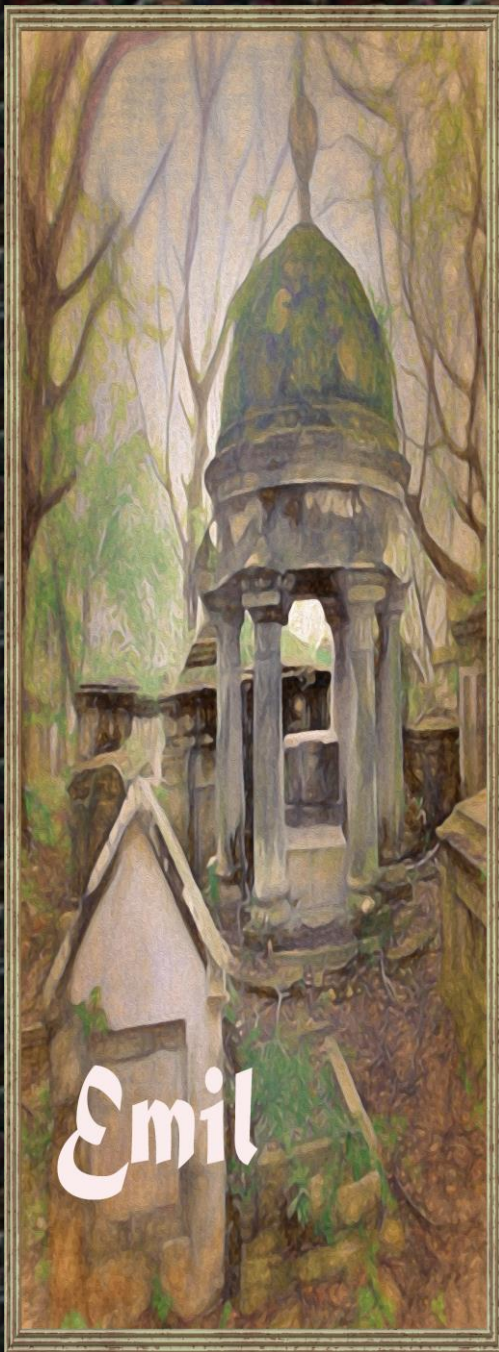
Emil

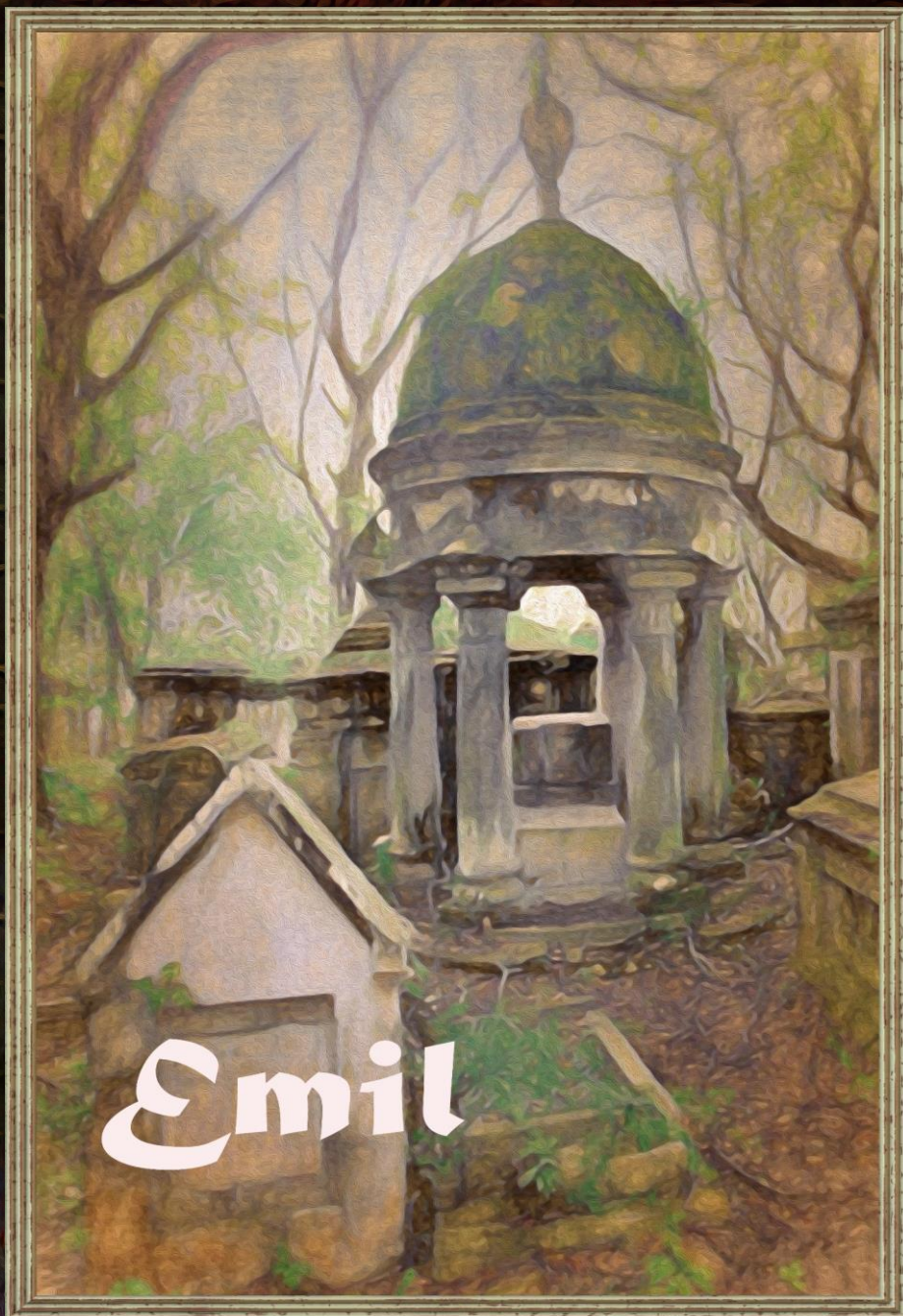
FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

The bus stop was at the bottom of the hill...right down from the 7-11 store...you have to look as it isn't marked properly and of course, the Tourist Authority had yet make use of my helpful suggestions and mark the stop with a list of the buses which stopped there...it was an uncomfortable wait as Seine was on the verge of using his SAT Phone to call Uber...luckily, for his lesion reminder of my world and the limited budget that I am burdened with, he couldn't figure out his cross roads and his GPS just flashed "PENANG."

After a good thirty minutes, the famous, long awaited 202 Bus arrived and took us as far as the Mall Terminal and we got off. I treated him to a great meal at the local KFC (true sign of America's remaining power) which is very well hidden from the hungry masses within the bowls of IT Mall...





FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!

Regrettably, I was unable convince Seine that his hotel was well within walking distance and by the time he found a taxi, he was angry, unsettling tired and was using my name very openingly with words that would be unpublishable in Singapore or, for that matter, most places...

That was the last I saw of him and he didn't even think to ring me up and say goodbye...

Oh well!

Maybe, now he better understands what his cheap ass budgets force me to do and live!

Better yet, if nothing else comes of this as a "Road to Damascus" moment in my budget crises, it means that he will think twice about checking up on me...

The evening was uneventful (unlike the night of the earthquake) night of my eyes glued to the Penang Home Shopping Network...with a mid-morning check out and a fast taxi ride out to the airport to get myself at the head of the





Emil

FROM EXILE..

WELCOME TO PENANG!



cattle line of passengers making a mad dash across the tarmac to secure your bag in the baggage overhead...
No checked bags for free here...
\$50 bucks to check a bag one way is the way that these pirate airlines can beat the majors by such a big penny...
No baggage, \$4 sodas and comfortable seating for any of the wee little people...anyone over 4'10" will be sitting with your knees resting on your chest...want comfort, bubba?
Pony up the bucks and you can fly like Seine...who was served multiple glasses of champagne on his flight back and had a rather nice meal to boot...
They even gave him free shocks as a loss leader for the on board duty free...
Anyway...as faith and old lady luck like so to make my travels difficult...the plane is now an hour over do and the reason that the hostess gave me was that they had a new pilot and he couldn't find the island...
Couldn't find the island???
{Reprinted 2017 WWWG}





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"The Days are long
and filled with pain..."

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Emil the artist is at University of Yangon.

...

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Paisaje y Figuras: Emil Whispers Braques' Secret Geometry

Of course, Seine already noted that and he and the other elitist bozos at WWWG never let me forget that I am not a product of a classical education but, rather a public school education.

So I never studied Geometry little alone Secret Geometry and that has been a high wall that conspires to prevent me from getting it and by extension of replicating it in my multi-generational attempts to be the New Age Braque-but, at ... [See More](#)

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About EMIL WEST

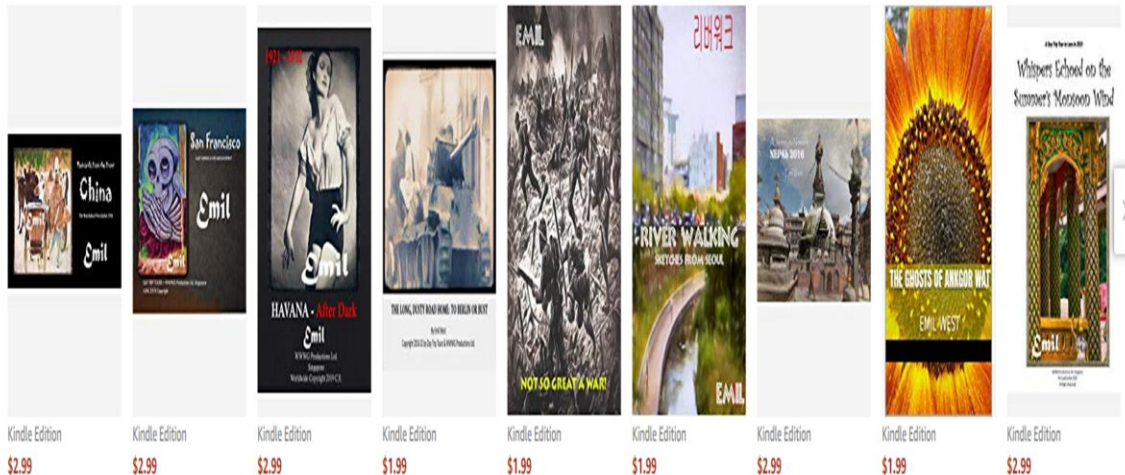
Welcome to all fans (all five or so of you) of Emil's doodles and we hope you will enjoy this new catalog of Emil's available art.

Emil had other ideas as to what the title should be and even though, they were clever and not without merit; Charles (WWWG's Financial Guru) won the final selection with the argument that we might create a new market for

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Emil West is in Singapore.



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